

CHARIVARIA.

If it is not too late we would still like to ask Mr. GINNELL, M.P., to consider seriously whether his refusal to shake hands with the SPEAKER was not a more severe punishment than Mr. LOWTHER deserved.

The volume of criminal statistics just issued by the Home Office contains an introduction by Mr. H. B. SIMPSON deploring the amount of sentimentality that enters nowadays into the administration of the criminal law. A prefatory note explains that Mr. SIMPSON'S view must not be taken to be official. The Dartmoor shepherd is still at large.

ST JOHN FULLER, M.P., has been appointed Governor of Victoria, and Victoria is asking what it has done to deserve the Whip.

A Southend boy scout pursued two thieves, who had stolen a purse from a lady, for over a mile. When he came up with them he secured the purse by means of a clever ruse: he pretended that there were other people in pursuit close behind him. The mortified miscreants are said to be considering now whether they cannot institute proceedings against the boy for obtaining money by false pretences.

The recent great fall of cliff at Dover has, we hear, caused the keenest satisfaction to Little Englanders.

"Motor omnibuses," we read, "went over Blackfriars Bridge for the first time yesterday." If there should be much more of this careless driving we may have to heighten the parapets.

A Judge in the King's Bench Division, the other day, requested a stranger who was troubled with a severe cough, to leave the Court. His Lordship remarked that it was a Court of Law, and not a Hospital. As a matter of fact, we understand, the ignorant fellow had imagined that it was a Variety Theatre.

It seems strange that while it is considered necessary to have a Keeper of the Tate Gallery, yet the Post-Impressionists are allowed out without a keeper.

In the spring, we are told, a new type of hat for ladies will come into fashion. The brim of this will be turned up, and at last it will be possible to see the women's ears. Some awful revelations are expected.



Theatre Attend! (to enraptured playgoer in throes of tragedy). "ARE YOU THE GENTLEMAN THAT HAD AN ICE AND DIDN'T PAY FOR IT?"

"Colour-blind persons," declared Professor EDRIDGE-GREEN in a lecture at the Royal College of Surgeons, "are generally above the average in intelligence." Colour-blind persons have known this for years.

A dog named Caesar, residing at Winchester, has been presented with a collar and enrolled in the "Brotherhood of Hero Dogs" for saving the local Guildhall buildings from fire in December last by giving the alarm. We understand that there was some difficulty in explaining to the little fellow what the honour was for. Hero-like he had thought nothing of the incident—had, in fact, quite forgotten it.

There is more in the so-called superstition that 13 is an unlucky number than some persons think. A young man who has been convicted 13 times for offences in respect of his motor

bicycle has now been fined a 14th time at Godalming.

"A woman," we are informed, "who told a police officer that she was SARAH BERNHARDT, was remanded so that she could be kept under observation." That is probably the best way to settle the question of her claims.

The fact that a young lady who recently received a number of blows on the skull from a violent burglar is said to owe her life to the possession of a fine head of hair will, it is thought, lead to many ladies sleeping with their hair on.

"The trade in Chinese pigs is now firmly established in this country," we read. When one remembers that it was CHARLES LAMB who, in a famous essay, first drew attention to their excellence, one realises how long it takes for a new idea to catch on with us.

OF A WELL-KNOWN PARROT, NOW MORIBUND.

[If Imperial Preference has been killed by the proposed Reciprocity Agreement between Canada and the United States, as the Radicals cheerfully assert, then they cannot have much further use for the election cry of Dearer Food which has done them so great service in the past.]

A PRINCE of parrots, such as seize
Upon the spoken word,
Master of one most poignant wheeze—
The deadliest ever heard,
He stood apart without a peer, this undefeated bird!

For years he worked the old refrain—
"YOUR FOOD WILL COST YOU MORE"—
Without a sign to show the strain
Had left his larynx sore;
Until the thing became a most abominable bore.

The Liberals loved to hear that cry
Boom like an eight-inch gun;
The moment he began to try,
Election-wars were won;
But now I fear he's on the moult; I fear his day is done.

He had but this one phrase in stock
Touching your loaf's expense;
It's single purpose was to knock
Imperial Preference.
But now the point of that remark has ceased to give offence.

For lo! the Tory fiend that he
Laid himself out to slay
Has died of Reciprocity.
Imp Pref., in fact, is clay,
And cannot be expected to resume the hoary fray

That was the one he used to keep
His beady eye upon,
And now, with Food for ever Cheap,
His occupation's gone,
There seems no reason why the bird should care to linger on.

Then, Liberals all, prepare the bier
Whereon to lay your dead
Who might have stopped his foe's career
By screeching off his head.
Only the latter went and died another death instead.

And Tories, too, when o'er your friend
You raise a pious howl,
And tears for his untimely end
Bedew the haggard jowl,
Spare one, in courtesy, for this indomitable fowl!

O. S.

IN THE GRIP.

Scene: The Library, 4 p.m. A bright fire is blazing. He is sitting limply in an armchair with a rug wrapped round his legs. She, also wrapped in a rug, is extended on a sofa in front of the fire.

She. Charles!

He. For heaven's sake, don't.

She. Don't what?

He. Don't frighten a chap.

She. I only said "Charles."

He. I know, but I can't stand the shock of having my name called suddenly. You don't seem to appreciate—

She. Oh yes, I do. I appreciate everything.

He. Well, what do you want?

She. What's the time?

He. Something struck just now.

She. I know; what was it?

He. I didn't notice.

She. Can't you see the clock?

He. No. Can't you?

She. I could if I lifted my head, but I can't lift it.

He. And I can't pull my watch out. Makes me shiver even to think of it.

[A pause.]

She. Don't you think we've got influenza very badly?

He. Yes—at least I know I have. I'm not so sure about you.

She. I'm sure nothing could be worse than mine.

He. You can't know how bad mine is.

She. If you don't admit that mine's worse than yours, I'll never speak to you again.

He. Oh, very well! Have it your own way.

She. That's not an admission.

He. If you talk to me like that I shall cry—I know I shall.

She. You'd have been crying long ago if you'd only got my head.

He. I have, and much worse too.

[A pause.]

He. Have you got aches and pains all over your back?

She. Not yet, but I feel them coming. You haven't—woul-out-ouf-ugh-ugh—you haven't got a horrid hacking cough, have you?

He. It's there, but it won't come out. That's always the worst kind.

[A pause.]

She. Do you feel as if you'd got any bones left in your whole body?

He. Yes, I've got nothing but bones, and they're all in the wrong places, and every bone's got a pain in it.

She. Except your backbone. You said you hadn't any pain there.

He. I haven't got a backbone.

She. I wish I hadn't.

[A pause.]

She. Do you think you'll ever be able to get up again?

He. Never.

She. What would you do if Lady Lampeter called and Parkins showed her in?

He. I should scream. Let's ring and tell Parkins not to.

She. I can't get at the bell,

He. Nor can I.

[A pause.]

He. What are the children doing?

She. Children? What children?

He. Haven't we got any children?

She. Let me think. There were some children about this morning. Were those ours?

He. Ye-es. I fancy they must have been.

She. Do let's be sure about it. Bring your mind to bear on it.

He. I can't. I haven't got a mind.

She. Poor dear! Nor have I.

[A pause.]

He. I'm going to have a pino-menthol lozenge.

She. Do. And I'll have a eucalyptus lozenge.

He. I shall take two.

She. You mustn't overdo it, Charles.

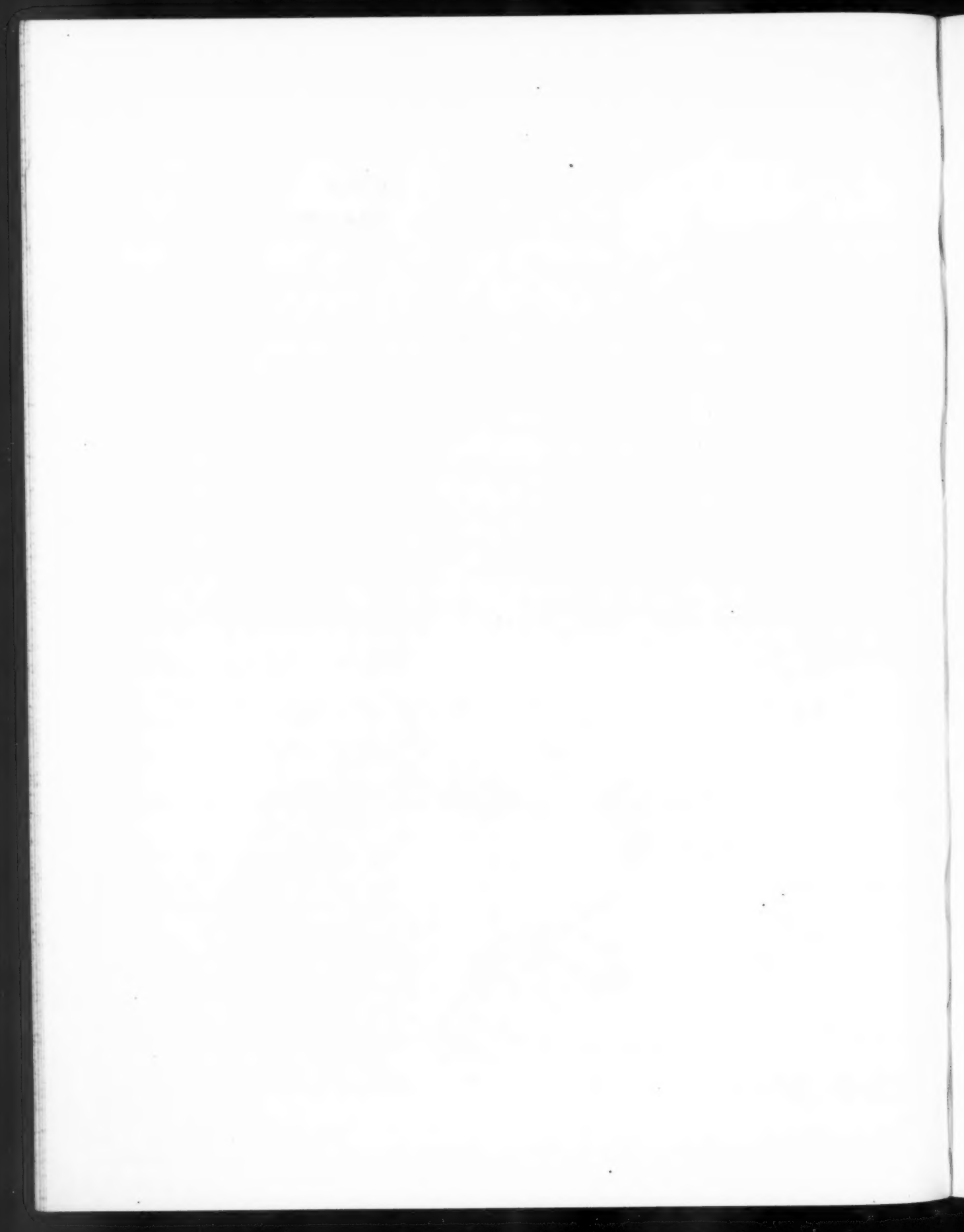
He. I see what it is. You want to rob me of all my little luxuries, but I'll take two all the same. [Takes two.]

She. Charles, if you talk to me so cruelly I shall just wither away.

He. I've withered long ago. [Left sucking lozenges.]



THE MORE FAVOURED NATION.





Photograph r. "A LITTLE BRIGHTER! BRIGHTER! STILL BRIGHTER! AH! TOO BRIGHT! MOISTEN THE LIPS AND START AFRSH!"

HOMO EX MACHINÂ.

(TO A TUBE-LIFTMAN.)

CONDUCTOR to the dim Tartarean levels
And satellite of that infernal "link"
Whose ceaseless round no accident dishevels,
What do you dream on as we softly sink?
Tell me, young man, the nature of your revels
When not on duty: do you dance or rink?
Or punt a leathern ball with thews of oak?
And (this is most important) do you smoke?

Immobile-featured as a marble statue,
You stare me in the eyes, ingenuous youth;
You make no answer to my questions, drat you!
No sound of sorrow, mirthfulness, or ruth;
Either because you think I'm getting at you
Or (much more probably, to tell the truth)
Because I have not said these things aloud,
But merely thought them, wedged amongst the crowd.

Let me get on, then. Do you know the fevers
Of common men on earth, unskilled to slam
The irrevocable gates and ply the levers?
Do you take marmalade for tea, or jam?
And wherefore have the Fates, those sister weavers,
Doomed you to work a lift and not a tram?
(Ah, who may read the riddles of the Fates?)
And what's your surname? Robinson? or Bates?

And would you seem to browse on sudden clover,
And tread mysterious heights and valleys strange,
With CORTEZ or some rare old English rover,
If haply for recuperative change
The Company should shift you on from Dover
To Down Street? Did you ever chance to range
Through "faëry lands forlorn" of light and myth,
Shunted to Finsbury Park or Hammersmith?

And does some damsel greet you with embraces,
Some charming girl about to be your wife,
And bid you tell her of adventurous cases,
The haps and hazards of your strange stern life?
The whims of passengers, their clothes and faces,
Whether they touched the gates, and all the strife?
And does she call you Alf, or Herb, or Reub?
(I rather hope the last—it rhymes with tube.)

These things I cannot answer, and it's wearing
To go on talking bunkum all in vain;
But some day I have sworn that, greatly daring,
While others pass, the poet shall remain.
Yes, you and I, for hours together faring
Shall hold high converse and beshrew my train!
Downwards and upwards we will fall and climb,
And you shall punch my ticket every time. EVEN.

The Dartmoor Shepherd Again.

Aux gais enfants les amusettes sont chères,
Et jeunes Ministres font maintes folies bergères.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

V.—"THE LOST HEIRESS."

The Scene is laid outside a village inn in that county of curious dialects, Loamshire. The inn is easily indicated by a round table bearing two mugs of liquid, while a fallen log emphasises the rural nature of the scene. Gaffer Jarge and Gaffer Willyum are seated at the table, surrounded by a fringe of whisker, Jarge being slightly more of a gaffer than Willyum.

Jarge (who missed his dinner through nervousness and has been ordered to sustain himself with soup—as he puts down the steaming mug). Eh, bor, but this be rare beer. So it be.

Willyum (who had too much dinner and is now draining his sanato-gen). You be right, Gaffer Jarge. Her be main rare beer. (He feels up his sleeve, but thinking better of it wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.) Main rare beer, zo her be. (Gagging) Zure-lie.

Jarge. Did I ever tell 'ee, bor, about t' new squire o' these parts—him wot cum hum yesterday from furren lands? Gaffer Henry wor a-telling me.

Willyum (privately bored). Thee didst tell 'un, lad, sartain sure thee didst. And Gaffer Henry, he didst tell 'un too. But tell 'un again. It du me good to hear 'un, zo it du. Zure-lie.

Jarge. A rackun it be a main queer tale, queerer nor any them writing chaps tell about. It wor like this. (Dropping into English, in his hurry to get his long speech over before he forgets it.) The old Squire had a daughter who disappeared when she was three weeks old, eighteen years ago. It was always thought she was stolen by somebody, and the Squire would have it that she was still alive. When he died a year ago he left the estate and all his money to a distant cousin in Australia, with the condition that if he did not discover the missing baby within twelve months everything was to go to the hospitals. (Remembering his smock and whiskers with a start.) And here du be the last day, zo it be, and t' Squire's daughter, her ain't found.

Willyum (puffing at a new and empty clay pipe). Zure-lie. (Jarge, a trifle jealous of Willyum's gag, pulls out a similar pipe, but smokes it with the bowl upside down to show his independence.) T' Squire's darter (Jarge frowns), her baint (Jarge wishes he had thought of "bain't")—her baint found. (There is a dramatic pause, only broken by the prompter.) Her ud be little Rachel's age now, bor?

Jarge (reflectively). Ay, ay. A main queer lass little Rachel du be. Her baint none of us.

Willyum. Her do be that fond of soap and water. (Laughter.)

Jarge (leaving nothing to chance). Happen she might be a real grand lady by birth, bor.

Enter Rachel, beautifully dressed in the sort of costume in which one would go to a fancy-dress ball as a village maiden.

Rachel (in the most expensive accent). Now, uncle George (shaking a finger at him), didn't you promise me you'd go straight home? It would serve you right if I never tied your tie for you again. (She smiles brightly at him.)

Jarge (slapping his thigh in ecstasy). Eh, lass! yer du keep us old uns in order. (He bursts into a fulsetto chuckle, loses the note, blushes and buries his head in his mug.)

Willyum (rising). Us best be gettin' down along, Jarge, a rackun.

Jarge. Ay, bor, time us chaps was moving. Don't 'e be long, lass.

[Exit, limping heavily.]

Rachel (sitting down on the log). Dear old men! How I love them all in this village! I have known it all my life. How strange it is that I have never had a father or mother. Sometimes I seem to remember a life different to this—a life in fine houses and spacious parks, among beautifully dressed people (which is surprising seeing that she was only three weeks old at the time; but the audience must be given a hint of the plot), and then it all fades away again. (She looks fixedly into space.)

Enter Hugh Fitzhugh, Squire.

Fitzhugh (standing behind Rachel, but missing her somehow). Did ever man come into stranger inheritance? A wanderer in Central Australia, I hear unexpectedly of my cousin's death through an advertisement in an old copy of a Sunday newspaper. I hasten home—too late to soothe his dying hours; too late indeed to enjoy my good fortune for more than one short day. To-morrow I must give up all to the hospitals, unless by some stroke of Fate this missing girl turns up. (Impatiently) Pshaw! She is dead. (Suddenly he notices Rachel.) By heaven, a pretty girl in this out-of-the-way village! (He walks round her.) Gad, she is lovely! Hugh, my boy, you are in luck. (He takes off his hat.) Good evening, my dear!

Rachel (with a start). Good evening. Fitzhugh (aside). She is adorable. She can be no common village wench. (Aloud) Do you live here, my girl?

Rachel. Yes, I have always lived here. (Aside) How handsome he is. Down, fluttering heart.

Fitzhugh (sitting on the log beside her). And who is the lucky village lad who is privileged to woo such beauty?

Rachel. I have no lover, Sir.

Fitzhugh (taking her hand). Can Hodge be so blind?

Rachel (innocently). Are you making love to me?

Fitzhugh. Upon my word I — (He gets up from the log, which is not really comfortable.) What is your name?

Rachel. Rachel. (She rises.)

Fitzhugh. It is the most beautiful name in the world. Rachel, will you be my wife?

Rachel. But we have known each other such a short time!

Fitzhugh (lying bravely). We have known each other for ever.

Rachel. And you are a rich gentleman, while I —

Fitzhugh. A gentleman, I hope, but rich—no. To-morrow I shall be a beggar. No, not a beggar if I have your love, Rachel.

Rachel (making a lucky shot at his name). Hugh! (They embrace.)

Fitzhugh. Let us plight our troth here. See I give you my ring!

Rachel. And I give you mine.

[She takes one from the end of a chain which is round her neck, and puts it on his finger. Fitzhugh looks at it and staggers back.]

Fitzhugh. Heavens! They are the same ring! (In great excitement) Child, child who are you? How came you by the crest of the Fitzhughs?

Rachel. Ah, who am I? I never had any parents. When they found me they found that ring on me, and I have kept it ever since!

Fitzhugh. Let me look at you! It must be! The Squire's missing daughter!

[Gaffers Jarge and Willyum, having entered unobserved at the back some time ago, have been putting in a lot of heavy by-play until wanted.]

Jarge (at last) Lor' bless 'ee, Willyum, if it bain't Squire a-kissin' our Rachel!

Willyum. Zo it du be. Here du be goings-on! What will t' passon say?

Jarge (struck with an idea). Zay, bor, don't 'ee zee a zort o' likeness aween t' maid and t' Squire?

Willyum. Jarge, if you bain't right, lad. Happen she do have t' same nose!

[He rings something, Fitzhugh and Rachel turn round.]

Fitzhugh. Ah, my men! I'm your new Squire. Do you know who this is?

Willyum. Why, her du be our Rachel.

Fitzhugh. On the contrary, allow me to introduce you to Miss Fitzhugh, daughter of the late Squire!

Jarge. Well this du be a day! To think of our Rachel now!

Fitzhugh. My Rachel now.

Rachel (who, it is to be hoped, has been amusing herself somehow since her last speech). Your Rachel always!

CURTAIN. A. A. M.



Superior Little Boy (to Governess). "REALLY, MISS BROWN, IT'S NO EARTHLY TAKING BABY TO LOOK AT ZEBRAS—HE'LL SIMPLY SAY 'GEE-GEE!'"

CHIVALRY.

"*Fuit autem pudor*," said CICERO, no doubt waving his right hand in the air and pouring himself out a glass of water with his left, "*fuit humanitas!*" "The age of chivalry is gone," explained BURKE to a generation which had forgotten what CICERO meant. But they were both wrong, for there is always Thomas Watts.

He and I work together, but had been for some days separated because it had been holiday-time. That is invariably the occasion on which my relations, friends, acquaintances and dependants fall ill—some noisily, some importantly, some heroically, some boastfully, some priggishly, none unobtrusively, but all in such a manner that I have to sympathise with them and hear them out. To escape the local depression I had returned to London a little before my time, and, when last of all Thomas arrived heavily scarfed and sighing deeply at short intervals, I felt that everyone except me was ill, and I the one poor unfor-

tunate left to do all the sympathising. I could bear it no longer.

"For heaven's sake," I shouted, "don't. I will assume that you feel absolutely rotten, that you simply cannot understand it, that your temperature has been everything from 98° to 110°, that it cannot be due to anything that you have eaten, that you ache all over. I assume everything, and let that be the beginning and the end of it. Now hear my tale. I have met nothing but invalids during the last weeks. I have listened to symptoms for hours. I have said, 'I am so sorry,' and 'I am so sorry,' more often than I care to remember. If you are a gentleman," I concluded, "you will not even mention your malady, much less describe it."

Thomas was not annoyed, not even a little short with me. On the contrary, "My dear fellow," he said with a hurried and apologetic sneeze, "how stupid and thoughtless I have been. If only I had known how it would inconvenience you, I would never have gone and caught this chill."

LETTERS TO A DISTINGUISHED IDLER.

"DISTINGUISHED IDLER, tired of doing nothing, asks men who have done much to outline for him a scheme of life which will combine activity and usefulness," etc.—*The Times*.

REMEMBER that the gods help those that help themselves. JOHN BURNS.

I have grave doubts as to your distinction, but none at all that you are an idler. Come round to the G.P.O. and help our customers stick their stamps on. HERBERT SAMUEL.

We are just creating a new post in this office—a kind of tallyman to keep count of our libel actions. I daresay it might suit you if you cared to apply.

EDITOR *Daily Chronicle*.

"ENGLISH CUP. St. Petersburg. In the re-played cup tie between Oldham Athletic and Birmingham the former were successful by two goals to none."—*The Statesman*.

The idea of re-playing cup-ties on neutral ground is good, but it need not be pushed too far.

TALKS WITH THE GREAT.

STUDY IN THE MANNER OF
MR. FRANK HARRIS.

HAVING met everyone, it follows of course that I was on terms of intimacy with BROWNING. No one, in fact, can withhold friendship from me. There is something about me—a *je ne sais quoi*, as dear BAUDELAIRE used to put it—which impels confidence, kills reserve. I slip my arm through theirs, hold it in the vice of friendship, and they give way. As BROWNING used to say, "My dear Frank, you're wonderful. The Old Man of the Sea isn't in it with you." Poor BROWNING! How extraordinarily ordinary his conversation could be! Few things have perplexed me so much as that. We would walk along the Paddington Canal morning after morning from Warwick Gardens, and all the talking would be left for me. Once I remember I was developing some daring fantastic theory with more than usual brilliancy, when I found that the poet had disappeared. In my excitement I had let go his arm and he had lost his way, or something. But that was a slip; it never occurred again.

How different was NEWMAN! In the safe silent security of Edgbaston, he was always sweet, always patient. Hour after hour have I spent with this great if utterly misguided man—I almost wrote gentleman—pouring out floods of what must have seemed to him terrible heterodoxy if not positive free-thought. But he never stopped me. I did my best to get him to stay at Monte Carlo with me, but in vain. It was, I think, my only rebuff.

TENNYSON I saw rarely in London, but both at Aldworth and Farringdon in the Isle of Wight he and I were inseparable; but I preferred BROWNING. There was something a little vulgar, a little provincial, and also something far too smug for my palate about TENNYSON. He looked as if he might read the lessons in church, as I said to him one day. He took it very well. "Do I?" he said. "Well, Frank, you don't!" "No," said I; "and what's more, ALFRED, by ——! I don't want to."

In the afternoon he gave his guests one of his tiresome readings of *Maud* and I made a number of criticisms; but his was too parochial a mind to appreciate them. None the less I am not sorry to have talked with him. He meant well in the main.

HUXLEY was made of sterner stuff. He met every argument with another and, as I once said to him, if his pistol missed fire he knocked one down with

the butt end of it. "Very good, Frank," he replied, "that's one of the best things I ever heard. Where did you get your wit?" But who can answer questions like that? Just as I had helped NEWMAN with some of his real sermons, so did I help HUXLEY with a lay sermon now and then. But it was useless to try to get style into the man. His knowledge, however, was encyclopædic and his observation very keen. I remember one instance of both. I had gone to see him one cold day in winter and I was wearing a fur coat. As it happened, it was a new one. "My dear Frank," he said, "you've got a new coat. It's rabbit this time. Your old one was retriever." The amazing part of this is that he was right.

But I consider CARLYLE my trump card. CARLYLE I used to see continually, as all readers of *The English Review* know by now, in 1878 and 1879. The first time (or was it the last?) I met him was on the Embankment. It was the saddest face I ever saw. Why did he look so wretched? What could be the meaning of it? Could it be that he knew who I was? He did not speak, and I turned and walked beside him with my best half-Nelson just above his elbow. He still said nothing. After waiting for a little I determined to make him speak, so I said, "CAGLIOSTRO says somewhere that man is, after all, man. PARACELUS differentiates between man and woman, but BOEHME, in that wonderful vision in the Sixth book (you remember), would have us believe that man and woman, or woman and man, each is distinct—in other words, male and female. To quote the sublime VILLON: 'Sait vostre mère que vous estes sorti?' What do you think, master?"

He stood still. "Eh, mon," he said at last, "ye're a marvel. And only twa-and-twenty. It's braw leukin' at ye: such as ye ought not tae be subjected tae the risks of daily life. It's cotton-wool I'd be presairvin' ye in. But don't quote VILLON to me. VILLON was a guttersnipe." By this time I had seen all his limitations, and my heart was filled with pity for the mistaken old man. VILLON a guttersnipe! There you have CARLYLE in both his greatness and his littleness—greatness in being so positive, littleness in being so wrong. I proceeded to put him right.

It is strange, but I had been very nervous with CARLYLE at first. When he had said foolish things I merely held my tongue, but now that I had grown to know him better I became impatient and threw restraint to the winds. That is my way. Each two

minutes of a solitary talk with anyone I look upon as a separate conversation, divided from the next two minutes by days, weeks or months. In this way intimacy ripens fast. What else CARLYLE said I shall not write here, not even the story of his married life, which he told me without reserve while the tears poured down his face. Everything he laid bare to me, and some day I shall lay it still barer. One odd thing in our first talk I may however mention in this place, and that is that neither he nor I knew that DARWIN was still living.

[To be, no doubt, continued; but not here.]

"SATISFACTORY NOBLEMEN"

WE have read with mingled emotions the following interesting statement in that sturdy Radical organ, *The Manchester Guardian*:—

"A figure that can ill be spared from the pageantry of the Coronation is Lord Howard de Walden. Of all the lords of long pedigree he is the most picturesque, both physically and in the manner of his life. His tall, athletic figure, the delicately strong lines of his face, the slight aristocratic curve of the nose, and the rather lazy droop of the eyelids would have given Disraeli vast pleasure to describe. And if his presence in a drawing-room of the great world, his Chesterfieldian politeness to the arts, his brilliant effect, have not actually been described by Mr. Henry James in *The Velvet Glove*, then the world has been more than usually out in its guesses. He is probably as satisfactory a nobleman as we could produce for our guests of the great year to look at."

It is a great comfort to think that the gap left by the absence of this picturesque figure will be more than made up by some of the new peers who will shortly be created to redress the inequality of parties in the House of Lords.

Amongst these a foremost place is due to Sir Ahasuerus Goldberg, who, it is understood, will on his elevation assume the title of Baron Boodle of Bonanza. Though his stature does not exceed middle height, his glossy ringlets and the opulent contour of his figure, the sheer slope of his shoulders and the noble curve of his nose are enough to tempt Mr. Sargent back into the arena of portraiture. Sir Ahasuerus is a many-sided magnate, distinguished alike in the fields of finance, art, and rubber planting. A man of simple tastes, he lives almost entirely on Devonshire cream, *pâté de foie gras*, ortolans and caviare. He has three



Husband. "I SAY, HOW MANY L'S IN BILIOUS?"

Wife. "ONE, OF COURSE. YOU TOLD ME HOW TO SPELL IT YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS WRITING."

Husband. "AH!—BUT I'M WRITING NOW, AND THAT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE."

sons at Eton and his only daughter was married last year to the Master of Musselburgh. A vivid if somewhat malicious portrait of this great citizen is to be found in the sparkling pages of Mr. ANTHONY HOPE's romance, *The Proclivities of Satan*.

Equally attractive in physique and even more distinguished intellectually is the Right Hon. Jonah Gladstone Bagstock, late Radical Member for Chowbent. Mr. Bagstock, whose income runs to six figures, has probably the most luxuriant whiskers in all Lancashire, and his genial wit makes him the idol of his cronies in the smoke-room of the National Liberal Club. He has the finest collection of Sigismund Goetzes in the world, and is an expert performer on the pianola. Mr. Bagstock will almost certainly take the title of Baron Bagstock of Chowbent. It should be added that Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL has hit off some of Mr. Bagstock's most salient traits in his poignant romance, *Catechismal Clement*.

Another magnificent specimen of the chivalric Anglo-Semitic type is Sir Aubrey Sonnenschein. Of ample proportions, with beautifully modelled pre-

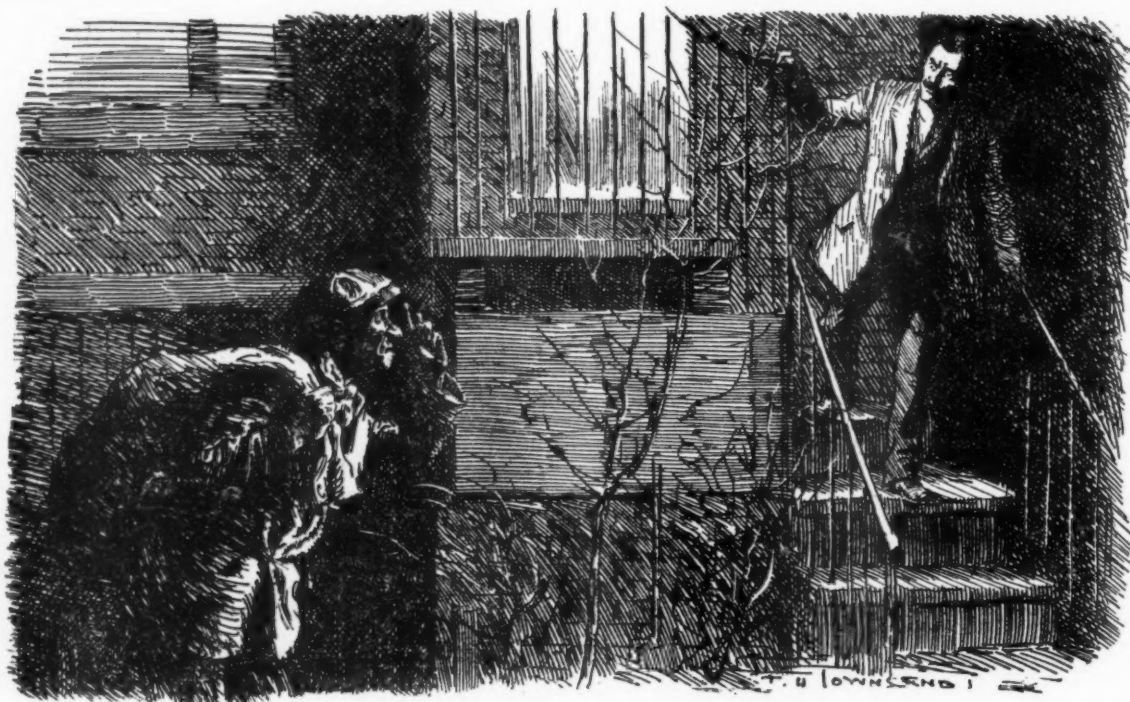
hensile hands and a superb pigeon-toed walk which is the delight of Pall Mall, Sir Aubrey's resonant voice and rich guttural enunciation invariably secure for him an attentive hearing even in the most plutocratic salons of Mayfair. A staunch and unflinching Radical, he has only yielded reluctantly to the call of duty in consenting to accept a peerage. His passionate interest in life and letters is sufficiently illustrated by the fact of his being the proprietor of the *Post-Humanitarian Review*, in which the doctrines of the New Epicureanism are propounded with a fearless realism seldom attempted on this side of the Channel. Sir Aubrey has a place in Cornwall near Marazion, a stately mansion in Surrey, and a charming rococo villa near Joppa, N.B., where he goes for golf. In a few months we shall welcome him under his new title of Lord Mount-Carmel of Joppa. Lady Sonnenschein, who was formerly Miss Bathsheba Sloman, is a superbly handsome woman, of whom a brilliant sketch will be found in Sir ARTHUR LE QUEUX's famous novel *The Climbers*. Lastly we have to mention Mr.

Leonard Nuneham, the best dressed and best groomed member of the present House of Commons. The disparity between principle and practice which is illustrated by his life lends a peculiar fascination to this admirable politician. On the platform he is practically a Socialist, yet at home he lives a life of semi-sultanic and almost Sardanapalian luxury. His baths are of solid gold, he has 10 butlers, 24 footmen and 72 best bedrooms, and his housekeeper always wears a diamond tiara night and day. He has gone far already, but he will go further as Lord Downy of Rufus-stone. A spirited if somewhat partial picture of him will be found in Mr. HALL CAINE's clever novel, *Sir Humphry Calmdry*.

"Hampstead Heath. — Board-residence or apartments in English lady's home."

Advt. in "Daily Mail."

"England! with all thy faults I love thee still, my country! and, while yet a nook is left where English minds and manners may be found, shall be constrained to love thee."—*The Task*.



Jones (roused by noises in his back-yard). "HULLO, WHERE ARE YOU TAKING THAT COAL?"
Burglar (judging frankness to be the best policy). "ANYWHERE YER LIKE, GUV'NOR—IT'S YOUR COAL!"

MINISTERIAL ANGELS.

THE heroism of Mr. HERBERT LEWIS, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, who recently lunched at the Cardiff Workhouse, has excited great interest in humanitarian circles, and a movement is on foot to recommend him for the Carnegie Decoration. Mr. HERBERT LEWIS, it will be remembered, only had half-rations of soup at the workhouse, and less than an hour afterwards went into a well-known Cardiff restaurant "to get some prunes and a cup of tea" (*Daily Chronicle*).

This fine example, we are glad to learn, has soon found a distinguished imitator.

Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT, M.P., the Secretary of State for the Colonies, not to be outdone by a subordinate colleague, paid a visit on Saturday to the Hammersmith Workhouse and, greatly daring, dined with the astonished inmates.

During the afternoon he was seen by a Press representative, when he confirmed the report, which had already been cabled to the *Springfield Republican*, that he had dined at the expense of the ratepayers. "Why, of course," he replied with a winning laugh,

"holding the views I do on the strenuous and ascetic life, which alone is the guarantee of a good conscience, what else could I do? Besides, there is nothing new about it. My home is a temple of toil, and I always lunch in a work-house."

"Were you introduced to the inmates?" he was asked, and answered, "Oh, no, they naturally thought I was one of themselves, and I had not the heart to undeceive them."

"Your lunch, I hope, was enjoyable?"

"Very substantial and very enjoyable," replied the eminent statesman.

"Then how comes it," asked the inquisitive Pressman, "that you were seen entering the Fitz Restaurant in less than an hour's time?"

Mr. HARCOURT laughed a rich melodious laugh and explained. "You see," he said, "they only gave me half rations of pea-soup at the workhouse; and, joking apart, I simply went into the restaurant to get a peacock's brain sandwich and a thimbleful of Imperial Tokay."

Mr. Punch has been requested to state that "The Oncomers' Society," of whose inaugural performance he recently gave a short notice, is not to

be confused with the "Oncomers' Association," which started earlier. He declines however to say which of the two it was that invited him to make this statement.

From an advt.:—

"A great opportunity to heads of Families to secure 12 months Footwear at a Nominal Cost." It's the feet of our families that really want it.

"Mrs. Beauchamp Doran regrets that she is obliged to postpone her tea until M r h."—*Irish Times*.

She must have a good one then.

Art for Art's Sake.

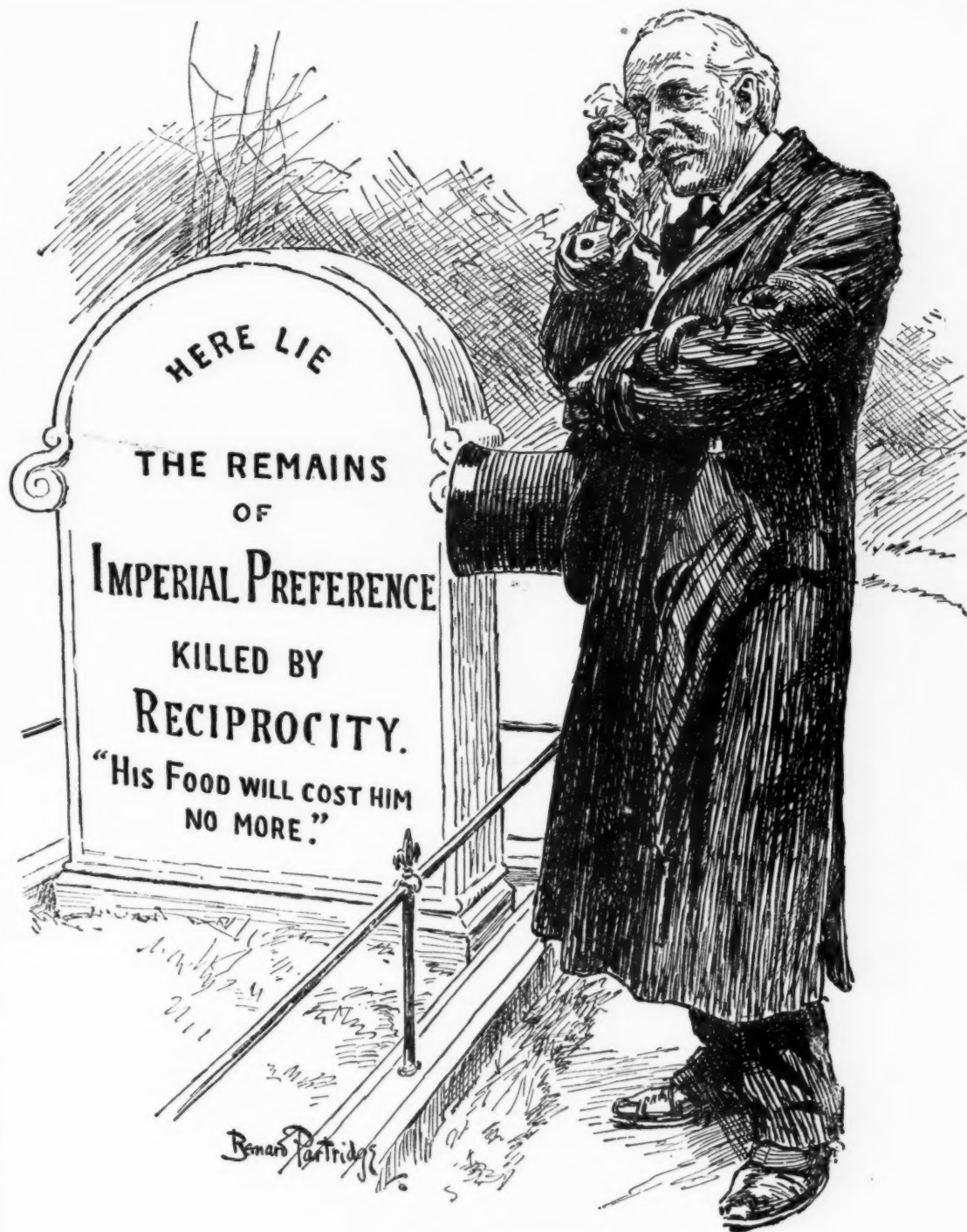
"It is officially stated in Mexico City that 75 Revolutionists and 12 Federals were killed in a battle which took place at Socia giving the airship a silvery appearance."—*The Star*.

"Whether a few hundred new persons be created or not is a question for the existing peers."—*British Weekly*.

No, no. Even the House of Lords has never dictated to this extent.

"The Blue Scarf," by Mr. Harrington Mann, is a bold clever piece of work. The lady is wearing a blue scarf which gives the title to the picture."—*The Sphere*.

Subtle—but we see it.



RESIGNATION.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR (*looking on the bright side*). "‘HIS FOOD WILL COST HIM NO MORE.’
A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT! SO CONSOLING!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, Feb.

13.—Looking round crowded Chamber in busiest moments of debate on Address, one is struck by comparative absence of change in personality of Members. There has been the, of late, customary annual General Election, bringing reverses here and there. But, as the French say, the more things change the more they remain as they were. Easy to fancy this a sitting of House of last year with a few score Members still making holiday or temporarily absent in search of dinner.

Treasury Bench perhaps most conspicuously suffered sea change. ROBSON and SAM EVANS, respectively Attorney-General and Solicitor-General in the last Parliament, come back no more. This not consequent on defeat at the poll; due to well-deserved promotion. Lovely and pleasant in their Parliamentary lives, in political death they are divided only by the walls of divers Courts of Justice. Proof of abundance of talent at disposal of happy PREMIER is evident in the fact that to fill the vacant places he had at hand RUFUS ISAACS and SIMON. Nevertheless House thinks kindly of those gone before—old Members who, by sheer ability, won their way to the highest posts in their profession.

Front Opposition Bench has lost one who, next to PRINCE ARTHUR, was its doughtiest fighter. Parliamentary merit not so conspicuous or overwhelming in Opposition camp that it can afford to put any of its lights under a bushel. SARK is reminded that not all cases of extinction are voluntary, like BONAR LAW's. There was JOHN O' GORST at the disposal of the MARKISS when, twenty-five years ago, he unexpectedly strode into power over wreck of Liberal Party shattered on rock of Home Rule. The MARKISS made him Under Secretary for India, with humour characteristically sardonic placing over him as head of department GRAND CROSS. Later GORST was made Vice-President of Committee of Council on Education, and was finally got rid of by the subtle device of abolishing the office.

As PRINCE ARTHUR observed, with that deadly logic to which upon occasion a supremely innocent look lends force, "Since there is no longer a Vice-Presidency of Committee of Council on Education, how can GORST hold it?"

So one of the most effective debaters of his time on the Treasury Bench drifted to a back bench, finally into private life.

**"PETER PAN" AT WESTMINSTER.**

A quith (as Starkey). "Oh—h—h! miserable Asquith!!"

Redmond the Redskin. "Oh, happy Asquith!!"

Asquith. "Oh—h—h—h! ha—a—appy A—a—asquith!!"

BONAR LAW, resigning safe seat at Dulwich, volunteered at General Election to lead forlorn hope in attack on North-West Manchester. He fell in the fight. *Resurgam.* Meanwhile Front Opposition Bench increasingly ineffective by reason of his absence.

Another notable figure disappeared from stage with defeat of TIM HEALY in what had come to be regarded as his personal stronghold. Since 1892 four times did his friends and companions dear, marching under Redmondite

flag, attempt to dislodge him. Four times he, singlehanded, withstood the assault. On fifth occasion he was routed. Redmondite gain is House of Commons' loss. The only resemblance TIM bears to the average angel is that his visits (to Westminster) were few and far between. When he put in his time he was careful to fill it. To the growing envy of Mr. GINNELL, when he rose he invariably caught the SPEAKER's eye. Benches filled up with rapidity equalled only in case of



Mr. Speaker Lowther is led triumphantly to the Chair for the fourth time. (Escort, Lord Claud Hamilton and the Right Hon. Eugene Wason).

(Inset, a portrait of Mr. Ginnell, who protested, reduced exactly to scale of relative importance.)

PREMIER or PRINCE ARTHUR. For half-an-hour TIM held audience enthralled.

Taken for granted that before Session far advanced room will be made for his re-appearance. Not at all a certainty. In addition to being a patriot TIM has in these latter days become a prosperous K.C. May be indisposed to give up to House of Commons what with greater personal profit is meant for the King's Courts of Justice.

Another Irish Member knocked out in January was SLOAN of South Belfast. Like his namesake who made fame on another course, revolutionising racing by riding on the horse's neck, SLOAN had independent ways that did not recommend him to his Party. Ulster was only half interested in his enterprise. In his last race he, so to speak, slipped over the horse's neck and came a cropper.

Three old Members disappear in the persons of CHARLES McLAREN, HENNIKER HEATON, and HERMON HODGE. With respect to the last, regret on part of friends accustomed

to keep close company with him on back bench above Gangway is modified by reflection upon removal of a contingency which, though purely fanciful, was not the less productive of apprehension. Often hear of danger arising in places of crowded public resort through feminine fashion of mysteriously fastening on hats with prodigiously long pin. This nothing to HERMON HODGE's moustache, especially at sittings when it had in the morning been freshly trimmed and waxed. At the turning of his head you would see Members seated to right or left of him, according as his glance wandered, hurriedly withdraw their cheek.

HENNIKER HEATON carries into retirement the comfortable reflection of having effected many useful reforms in the postal service. CHARLES McLAREN, withdrawing a pleasant presence from long-familiar scene, leaves behind hostages to fortune in the persons of a brother and two sons. This redundancy of M.P.'s in a family circle runs the Hatfield House establishment pretty close.

Of graver concern is the event that emptied the corner seat below Gangway on Ministerial side. There, when he entered the House forty-three years ago, sat CHARLES DILKE. Thence he rose to make historic attack on the Sovereign's Civil List. After brief but brilliant career on Treasury Bench that seemed to promise in due, perhaps not distant, time reversion of the highest office in the service of the Crown, he disappeared in the darkness and desolation of suddenly falling night. When he came back he claimed his old corner seat, whether to the right or left of the SPEAKER according to the vicissitudes of Party triumph. Slowly but surely, with dogged courage and impregnable patience, he succeeded once more in working his way to prominent position. His death, taking place on the very eve of the meeting of the new Parliament, drew from all quarters personal tributes, through which ran the murmur of inconsolable regret.

THE TOO-EARLY BIRDS.

THE latest, but by no means the last, beauty-cure is sufficiently heroic. Ladies who are in trouble about their looks are recommended to go for a long walk an hour before day-break. It is not apparently stated whether the fair devotees are expected to sit up all night, so as not to miss the society of the milkman and the early worm, but this seems not an unlikely outcome of the present roosting-hours. We foresee wigs in the Green Park. Those who out-Willelt the order of Nature are bound to pay for it in the long run. They will either be breakfasting or supping at four a.m. The idea must be firmly and thoroughly squelched. We cannot have Society disorganised because, in the sacred cause of her complexion, my lady is impelled to go cub-hunting with the Battersea Beagles or is out with the Hyde-Park Otter Hounds by the light of the morning star. It would mean that we others, who have no particular looks to bother about, would have to go up too. We should all be cross after eleven, and the Divorce Court is hard enough worked as it is.

Besides, the retainers of Harriet would never stand these early-rising plaguy ways, and there would be a general look-out of mistresses.

The Globe on Cleopatra's Needle:—

"The ship on which it was placed sank, and it seemed as though the great column would go to the bottom of the sea."

It must have been a surprise to see it floating.



Man (with bag). "WELL, BERTY, MY BOY, HOW'S BUSINESS!"

Harker. "BUSINESS! WOT'S THAT—SUMMAT TO EAT?"

THE JUGGERNAUT.

I FANCY they must have fed him on oats this morning, for he is louder and more self-assertive than usual. There are some people who take a foolish pride in manifestations of municipal progress, but they have probably never been bullied for three whole days by a Borough Council steam-roller. It is not so much the grinding and puffing that I object to, as the vanity of the creature; he carries as much lift as the peacock, which he faintly resembles in colour, though his figure, of course, is not so svelte. Personally, I do not believe that the road needs repairing at all, certainly not the part just in front of my windows. But knowing that I should be in all the morning the detestable brute has chosen this patch of ground for his insolent parade. For a long time I refused to get up and look at him, but at last I yielded, and (would you believe it?) he positively simpered with pride, spread out his

back wheels to their fullest extent, and minced (there is no other word for it) down the road.

I have drawn up a small bill which I intend to submit to the Borough Council who own him. It runs as follows:—

The Borough Council.

Dr. to J. Smith.

To loss of time spent in listening to your — steam-roller.	2 gns.
To ditto, ditto, in waving to it to move on	2 gns.
To damage to nervous system, and medical repair of same .	5 gns.
To loss of moral character occasioned by talking to your steam-roller	£100

£109 9 0

Deduction for alleged benefit to part of road used by J. Smith	6d.
--	-----

Total . . . £109 8 6

I rather doubt if I shall be paid, but,

even so, I shall not be satisfied. What I should really like to do would be to spread the Borough Council very neatly (in their top hats and frock coats) on the ground in front of my windows and lay two cart-loads of flints on the top of them. Then the steam-roller could get to work again. The sound would be considerably deadened, and there is nothing that binds a road so well or makes such an excellent and lasting surface as a really plump Borough Councillor.

"A Pretty Knitting Pattern.—Cast on any to serve:—To every pound of carrot pulp number of stitches that can be divided by five: 1st row—knit 1."—*Northampton Daily Chronicle*.

The carrot pulp can be left out if desired.

"Many are disinclined to swallow Lord Garvin's advice that they should force on the creation of 500 peers."—*Al-Moghahab Al-Akha*. Perhaps this one new peer will be enough.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE."

Henry Thresh was one of those rare trotters who can spend six weeks in India without proposing to write a book about it. He had, in fact, no connection with the Labour Party. Hearing that an old love of his was leading a dog's life with her brute of a husband—an official somewhere in Rajputana—he breaks his journey and runs over on a camel to see if the reports are correct. A rapid meal and a few brief passages of postprandial dialogue suffice to prove the worst. His last sight of her, before he responds to the whistle of the train and the call of the camel, is in the act of toying suspiciously with a rook-rifle.

Arrived at Bombay, he learns that the husband was found dead in his tent that same night, and that the wife is charged with his murder. He volunteers evidence in her defence, and by adroit perjury helps to get her off. Two years later he finds her in Sussex, about to be married to a nice clean young fellow, whose relatives (including a solicitor), being sceptical about her innocence, have invited him down there on a plausible excuse, with the purpose of pumping him about the evidence he gave at the trial. Under a stiff cross-examination he repeats and embroiders his former perjury; but, on hearing her own confession of an act that was on the borderland between murder and justifiable homicide, he insists that she must share her secret with her future husband before it is too late for him to scratch his engagement. In point of fact it is already too late, for they were privily married a week ago; but he takes the news very nicely.

Well, what I want to know is this:

(1) If Thresh volunteered to perjure himself for the lady so as to save her neck and give her a chance of getting what happiness was still to be had out of life, why should he worry as to how or where she gets her happiness—whether through marriage or otherwise? Having saved her from one possible death, why should he insist on her risking a second, for she threatens to take her own life if her lover kicks at her revelation? And why, in Heaven's name, should Thresh make it his officious concern to see that this man, a perfect stranger to him, should not marry with his eyes shut?

Solutions to these riddles will be very acceptable, and if Mr. MASON will adjudicate I shall be much obliged to him. He might at the same time tell

me (2) what sort of etiquette it is that permits a solicitor to cross-examine a witness on the evidence which he gave for the defence in a murder trial after an interval of two years. It was immensely to the credit both of Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE and Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER (as well as to the author for his handling of the argument) that this unbelievable investigation was carried out with such an air of probability.

Certain details of the play recall the fact that Mr. MASON last year made an excursus into the realm of detective fiction. I read his *Villa Rose* with wonder and sadness: wonder that he should have caught the trick of it so cleverly, sadness that he should have thought it necessary to drop his own



Stella Ballantyne (Miss Ethel Irving). Then I shall kill myself with an overdose of sleeping draught.

Henry Thresh (Mr. George Alexander). Well, take pains about it. Last time you attempted suicide you missed yourself!

charming literary style in favour of the dull and banal manner traditionally affected by the hack-writers of this school. In *The Witness for the Defence* he seems still to be labouring under the regulation, proper enough to detective stories, that secrets must be hidden from the public as long as possible. Thus in the First Act the curtain falls prematurely on Stella Ballantyne pointing her rifle at her oncoming husband; and so far from being shown whether she kills him by intent or oversight, or reverts to her original arrangement and shoots herself, we are not even allowed for the time being to know whether she so much as discharges the weapon at all.

Again we are left in the dark as to her previous relations with Thresh. Just a hint or so, and misleading at

that, is permitted; and it is not till the Third Act that we learn that she was in love with him once, but has long ago grown out of it. Sticklers for tradition may resent these shock-tactics, and insist that the audience should be taken at once into the author's confidence. Personally I have no feeling in the matter, except that I am always rather glad if a dramatist can see his way to scandalise the old staggers.

The honours went to Miss ETHEL IRVING for a really remarkable performance, to which her nervousness on the first night lent an added touch of emotional realism. Her self-revelation in the Third Act was a triumph of spontaneous sincerity. In a less picturesque part Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE was the very mirror of nature. Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER's mood was one of modest restraint. His rôle lacked the usual prominence, and at times he even seemed to be employing a scheme of protective colouring by which to merge himself in his background. I cannot say whether he got shaken up by his experience with the camel, but I have seldom seen so much subordination of self in an actor-manager. Mr. ALFRED BISHOP was not perhaps allowed so much chance for his particular gift of humour as he could have found use for. Mr. LYSTON LYLE as the bully, *Stephen Ballantyne*, came very near to the achievements of Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL, specialist in this kind. The rest of the cast were uniformly good.

I am told that Mr. MASON's latest play is likely to get at the British bosom; and this is good hearing, by whatever unfathomable judgment it is decreed that he should prevail at last after comparative failure with plays whose merits, if not so immediately arresting, were just as sound. For myself I could have wished that he had allowed us a little longer time in India, for he has a nice taste in exotic colouring, and there was an intriguing quality in the scene and circumstance of the First Act that was never quite recovered in the more familiar atmosphere of the Sussex Downs.

O. S.

Extract from your daily breakfast budget (that portion of it which gives you a *résumé* of all the delightful things to be found in the new edition of the immortal work):—

"Volume 20: 'Ode' to 'Payment of Members'; 1420 pages, 21 plates and maps."

The poet seems to have done full justice to his subject.



Foreign Customer (who is trying a horse with the harriers). "FOR ME HE IS NOT. HE GALLOPS NOT ENOUGH."

Dealer "HE'S A VERY GOOD HUNTER, THOUGH, ISN'T HE?"

Foreigner. "FOR THIS CHASE OF THE RABBIT HE WILL DO, BUT FOR THE FOX CHASE HE IS NOT."

CALENDAR COMFORT.

WORTLEBURY arrived at the office at a quarter to eleven, yawning. He lit a cigarette, glanced through *The Times*, and just as the rest of us were turning our thoughts towards lunch he took off his hat and gloves and sat down at his desk. He surveyed the books and papers with disgust, picked up a pen and nibbled it, and then unhung from the wall a calendar which proclaimed January 9, 1911, and that kind hearts are more than coronets.

"What's to-day?" he asked, idly fingering the calendar.

"Tuesday—nearly Wednesday," I replied. Wortlebury turned it over in his mind. "I mean the date," he said, almost crossly. Somebody handed him a piece of paper and a pencil, and remarking that yesterday was the 6th suggested that he might work out the problem, it would give him something to do to keep him quiet. Wortlebury tore off a bunch of leaves from the calendar until he arrived at February 7. Then he started; it seemed to me that he even blenched.

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, and plunging his pen deep into the ink he bent his broad shoulders to the task

of writing on one of the papers on his desk.

"Behold! Wortlebury has begun the year's toil," said Pillington.

Wortlebury worked on as one possessed. Now and again he glanced timidly at the calendar, only to renew his labours with increased vigour. He waved aside suggestions for lunch. He was not yet ready, he said. He would be taking only twenty minutes. Some people, he added, appeared to be oblivious of the passing of time. Were we conscious of the fact that 37 days of the year had already passed? The precious moments were flying. He assured us that we did not live in this world for ever. Between ourselves he informed us, the announcement on the calendar had shocked him and made him ashamed. He intended to take only fifteen minutes for his lunch—twenty at the outside.

When we returned, Wortlebury was out. He lounged in at twenty past three, and stood in front of the fire telling us a story he had just heard in Bond Street.

"Yes, but what about the precious moments?" I asked.

"Well," replied Wortlebury, "every cloud has a silver lining and all that

sort of thing, and, do you know, it quite escaped my notice until you'd gone that the calendar also says '327 days to come.' So—" He yawned twice, and began to turn the pages of a magazine, humming the while an air from *The Chocolate Soldier*.

Commercial Candour.

From the advertisement of a cure:—

"H— and Rheumatism.
The names are synonymous."

"A lady (through circumstances) wishes to let part of her well-furnished house."—*Advt. in Daily Telegraph*.

She will live it down.

From a circular:—

"We should be glad if we could interest you in a new non-creaking "Silent Tread" Boot which we have just placed on the market, specially designed to meet the requirements of Schoolmasters."

But this is no good at all against judiciously placed walnut shells.

"M. Laurent beat the flying half-mile motor-car record in the 60-h.p. class at Brooklands yesterday by covering the distance at the rate of 109.051 miles an hour."

Manchester Evening News.

Ten years ago one would have thought this rather wonderful.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF it should come to pass, after all, that the war is averted and we are able to regard the German once more as a man and a brother, then I hope somebody will have the gratitude to start a public testimonial to Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK, in recognition of her contributions to this most desirable end. I know of hardly any other author who can write about Germany and its people with so pleasant and engaging a touch. What has provoked this reflection is a volume of reprinted stories and sketches, with the candid and appropriate title of *Odd Come Shorts* (MILLS AND BOON), because in it occurs a trifling but delightful dialogue—one of a number grouped together as “The Opinions of Angela”—which, properly read, ought in itself to bring about an international understanding. All “The Opinions of Angela,” indeed, are wholly entertaining; though I think Mrs. SIDGWICK was in some uncertainty whether to make her heroine an absolute fool, or not. The *Angela* who recounts her experiences at a bargain sale seems a very different person from the *Angela* who speaks so sanely about a holiday hunt for “the real Germany.” Still, this may really be only another proof of the author's insight into feminine character. Wise or foolish, however, *Angela* furnishes decidedly the most attractive part of a book which is worth reading throughout; even though the three stories that compose the first half are obviously only clever pot-boilers.

When all the heroines of romance are summoned before the bar of a shadowy Aeacus to account for their delinquencies (and they have been so very incautious, some of them) a favourite excuse will be, I should think, to throw the blame on their sponsors, and ask, Well, what could you expect of anyone with a name like this? *Amaza Meeks* is the label which Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY has attached to the principal figure in *A Large Room* (HEINEMANN), and even without red hair and the most remarkable combination of mental agility and practical innocence to which I have ever been introduced a girl so styled would have been hounded on to eccentricity. An orphan, and deserted for the time by an unsympathetic stepmother and sisters, *Amaza*, who had never even been to a theatre or restaurant in her life, fell in with *Sir Walter Wintle* (you won't believe it, but she was bending down to look at the stars in street puddles at the time), and the lively hatred with which the authoress has succeeded in inspiring me for this well-preserved *roué* is some testimony to the merits of her story. Indeed you can't help liking *Amaza* and sympathising profoundly with her, even though she didn't say a word to the man whom she married afterwards about this part of her life. Perhaps she had read

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, but in any case her subsequent punishment is quite sufficient to satisfy the moralist. The chief faults that I have to find with *A Large Room* are that it is so difficult to get into (Mrs. DUDENEY's style being best described as a series of spasms), and that, when you do get there, there is not a single nice person barring *Amaza* inside it.

In *My Life's Pilgrimage* (JOHN MURRAY) Mr. CATLING modestly tells a story of strenuous effort successful against disadvantages that by less courageous spirits would have been regarded as insuperable. Without patronage, social standing or generous education, he rose from the printing office to the Editor's Chair. Though his paper was a weekly one, hampered by conditions that limit sale on Sundays, he lived to see it reach a circulation exceeding a million. Full of ideas and energy, dowered by sympathetic proprietors with a fat purse, he sought for contributors of special articles amongst a class not at that time accustomed to be approached by editors. Among others he caught Mr. GLADSTONE with a lordly bribe of £100

the fee of an article not in length exceeding the ordinary leader. Mr. CATLING enjoyed exceptional opportunity of recording phases of the growth of British Journalism during the last half-century. He has made the most of his opportunity. Not the least interesting chapter in his portly volume is the Introduction, contributed by that other representative journalist, past master of his art, Lord BURNHAM. He was at work in Fleet Street before Mr. CATLING drifted on to the scene. What a book of

reminiscences he could present to an eager public if he had prepared and preserved notes! Perhaps he has.

I beg Miss ROSAMOND NAPIER not to interrupt her next story by outbursts of quotation from various poets, and also suggest to her that if nicknames are ever amusing their constant repetition is more than likely to become a weariness. The *Serocolds* were not silly people, but I cannot imagine anything more provoking than the way in which they addressed each other. So far, so captious; for the rest I offer the warmest congratulations to the author of *The Faithful Failure* (Duckworth). In the competition between *Christopher Serocold* and *Max Chinoch* for the love of *Yvonne Hope* there is no melodramatic contrast, but a struggle between two good fellows, one of whom adored WAGNER and had more brains than health, while the other sang “*Boney was a Warrior*” at the top of his voice and had more health than brains. In this book Miss NAPIER shows a real appreciation of the influence of Nature upon character, and I feel that she has a most distinct and curious talent which at present is partially hidden under a thin but irritating napkin.



Knight (who has recently encountered a wizard). "IT GRIEVES ME MUCH, FAIR LADY, BUT I FEAR I CANNOT ASSIST YOU UNTIL I AM RELIEVED OF THIS BACKWARD SPELL."